

# Daily Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

## MONUMENTAL CREEK.

The entire country is laughing at Grover the power for the little after-dinner speech he delivered last week in New York. It was strictly a sour-grapes effort. He grumbled over the mistakes of the Democratic party, declaring that the party of Jefferson had gone off after false gods, and criticised the Republican party for its inactivity. This is pretty talk to come from the most marked failure of the age, to come from a man who as president swamped the treasury and then entered into a deal with a syndicate to replenish it at the expense of posterity. If the Democratic party is disintegrating, who is responsible if not Grover Cleveland? If, as he says, the country is groaning beneath the burden of hard times, who is to blame for it more than this man who thus takes occasion to publicly slander everybody who failed to worship him? His speech was unadulterated gall from start to finish. No other man of his prominence would have shown so little regard for the judgment of the people in thus belittling the plainest history. Cleveland's entire administration was one of treasury deficits and of financial and industrial wrecks, and for him, the principal agent of all the people's woes and disasters, to thus stand up and attempt to shift the responsibility to the shoulders of the Republican party, which has been in power less than two months, is a piece of unparalleled cheek. No wonder the people laugh over and deride, while the great body of his own party sneers at such monumental hypocrisy, such presumptuous egotism.

## MORE INVESTIGATION.

The Pop investigating allotment is back to Topeka and are at it again. Everybody concluded that the committee would take advantage of the temporary adjournment and never meet again. It being so evident that only Pops had bled and so inevitable that the whole combination must be smothered. But the Pop party has never been noted for either discretion or common sense. Pop ascendancy depends on successful destruction. No Pop hopes for prominence except as he climbs upon and crushes some other Pop. To "do up" the other fellow is the aim of ambition and is sure to be followed by Pop acclaim and the reward of preferment. One of their new Pop witnesses, Davis, who represented Wilson county, acting in an unexpected case of natural instinct, proves recalcitrant and refuses to tell what he knows of Pop hoodluming during the winter until he is convinced that the investigation is something more than personal spleen and intended for the good of the state. Thus questioning the committee's authority, he is ordered committed to prison, whereupon he resorts to habeas corpus proceedings. And thus the whole thing comes to a dead stop except the per diem and the members of the special committee and the fees of its witnesses. The next thing will probably be something else. We can but wait and learn.

## OPEN COMPETITION.

Is there any good reason why private corporations should not take their chances in open competition just as the individual with his personal enterprise? A large per cent of the railway mileage of the country was constructed by local aid. The people bonded themselves and contributed such aid simply and solely for the advantages they logically expected to reap from open and more close competition upon the part of the railways. The result of traffic associations was to make competition impossible. A single line of railway is as valuable to the average community as a dozen. Competition under trusts and combines ceased to be possible, and the monopoly, sought to be done away with by the building of additional lines, became stronger and more burdensome. Instead of lower rates through competition there have been additional roads to support. Since the late decision dissolving the Transmissouri Traffic association there has been a continuous effort upon the part of the late officers of that and other associations to organize within that decision. The object of the anti-trust law is to place railroads and all other corporations on the same footing as all other trades and every personal enterprise. Railroad people say that the same efficient service cannot be maintained as now with reckless cutting of rates which would follow open competition. That is no doubt true. There would have to be fewer trains and all slower and cheaper in every way. Unquestionably. But these things would regulate themselves. It is a complex question. Shut out of trusts and combines have come labor organizations, in self defense. If capital combines and trade organizations are to be the future rule, then others must follow and still others, until individual enterprise, as we know it now, will be an impossibility. Great department stores will combine with other department stores, and shop with shop, and profession with profession, until commerce and manufacture alike will rule with an iron hand in their spheres, leaving a three-cornered fight upon the part of transportation interests, shipping interests and labor interests arrayed against each other, with capital holding two points to labor's one.

## THE END OF THE WORLD.

As civilization climbs upward the birth-rate goes down. When the birth-rate falls below the death-rate for that nation the only growth is in the direction of weakness. Gold and palaces can not take the place of vigorous flesh and blood. Men constitute the state, not money, nor anything it will buy. France, measured by this rule, is in a state of decadence. A low birth-rate comes of a general desire for ease and a dread of the burdens and responsibilities of life. In France the low proportion of births is accompanied by a high rate of deaths, the latter exceeding the former. This means but one thing, and that an inevitable one. France is opulent and luxurious. Her women do not provide for their children and men do not provide for them. It is said that vital statistics show the same for several of the New England states. This is true of Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut. But for their foreign population the showing would be disgraceful. There seems to be no remedy. According to this rule if the whole world should become rich and affluent man would disappear from it in time and the world practically come to an end in the non-existence of the race.

## THE DAWES COMMISSION.

There has been a widespread conviction, throughout the west, that the Dawes commission, so-called, has been a procrastinating machine which has done more to hamper than to satisfactorily settle the affairs of the Five Tribes. This commission has been at work for years and until having become recognized as a permanent fixture they have, it is asserted, assumed powers and prerogatives which the congress never intended. The Five Tribes are not savages but a confederated civilization of no mean type. General Turner appeals to the district court in behalf of citizens of the Creek nation, in making which he declares that the Dawes commission have departed from the law and violated and ignored customs and practices of the people which congress declared should be observed. Not only these things, but Turner declares that the commission had gone beyond the bounds of the territory and posed as a court of last resort, settling arbitrarily claims which in toto involve interests amounting to millions of dollars.

## THE EXPORT RUSH.

The Democratic papers are whining most piteously over the excessive imports being made, they say, to get ahead of the Dingley bill. The fact is, the schedules of the Dingley bill which cover the articles which go to make up the so-called excessive imports vary but little from the old law. In the mean time these paid import duties are increasing the treasury surplus above the danger line. But there is another side to the story which the Democratic papers do not mention. There is an excess of exports.

The rush of imports during the last half of March to get merchandise into the United States before the duties could be changed by congress did not prevent a great surplus of exports over imports for the month. Excluding the foreign products exported through the United States, the exports exceeded the imports by about \$9,000,000. In the corresponding month of last year the excess of exports was less than \$8,000,000. It seems quite probable that for the fiscal year ending June 30 the exports of domestic merchandise will surpass the imports by not less than \$30,000,000. The difference may be as much as \$34,000,000. It was nearly \$30,000,000 at the end of last month.

Such a surplus swamps all interest payments due to Europe, all freight charges paid to foreign steamship owners, the expenses of American travelers in Europe and whatever else may be offset against it. Beyond question the indebtedness of the American people to foreigners was greatly lessened in 1896, and it will be cut down again in 1897. A few such years would make a very material difference in the obligations of this country to Europe, and the money market in the United States would be made permanently easier.

Under the new tariff which the Republican party is soon to place upon the statute books of the nation, such a series of debt-paying years may fairly be expected.

There is a possibility that Greece trained the fine edge off.

Brother Ahner does a pile of leaning on the right arm of the throne now-a-days.

With the show it has made so far, Greece's war debt ought not to be more than seven dollars and a half.

So far as the Greeks are concerned grim-visaged war has turned his wrinkled front around and is bumping his back.

Edith Pasha is a considerable gainst, take him all in all. He says he just happened to be walking along and fell into Larissa.

Eating is a disgusting habit. After all that pomp and pride at the dedication of Grant's tomb, the orators make a break for luncheon.

There is no use denying that for several fellows who have not received postoffice President McKinley's oratory is fast losing its charm.

To borrow from the Greek dispatches it appears that when the Flynn crowd was attacked in Oklahoma a regular saute qui peut ensued.

M. Rall is cutting a heap of a figure in Greece, just now for a man who got his head under the pillow while the war was actually in progress.

It is the same old hot poll in Athens. Give it a little more rain and King George will have to go up to the soda water fountain and call for hemlock.

Grant was a great, a marvelous general, but the sorrow over his passing did not come out in New York so strongly as the pompous paganism of the mites living.

Even if Greece does become a republic there is no assurance that the Greeks will fight better as republicans than as royals.

The more speeches that are made in this country the more evident it becomes that there is only one man in the nation who is not commonplace in oratory—John J. Ingalls.

The Greeks at Larissa, when the Turks arrived embraced them, kissed them and made them drink soda water. Greece has a great many too many towards to become a republic.

## Stories of an Inland State.

Mrs. Sweeney, for entertaining the train robbers, had secured the sum of ten dollars. As soon as they were gone she awoke the old man and the boy, who had spent the night with her.

She looked out at the Clara Bell. The good ship on dry land had suffered some. The flag-pole was down and the roof had fallen in. It would not take long to fix it and she knew that if she remained there it would not be night before old Snuggles would be working his stone-throwing machine again. But Mrs. Sweeney did not intend to remain.

She woke the old man by kicking him in the ribs and told him to come.

"You're going again," she answered. "They didn't take you off," he said, illy concealing his disappointment. "No, they didn't."

The old man bowed his head in sorrow. "And what's more," said Mrs. Sweeney, "they ain't going to take me. Pete's escaped and they haven't anything against me."

"I'll go aboard," said the Captain. "Come along, my hearty."

"Look here, Captain Snuggles," said Mrs. Sweeney, "I want to go to the door. 'I want to go out of this. You're a sooner. There's no doubt of it. When the courts decide between you and Pete you will have to weigh anchor and move off if we have to put wheels under that old boat of yours."

The old man shook his head. "Listen," she went on. "This is what I'm going to propose to you, Pete's the only contestant you've got. If we were of you, you could have the claim to yourself. No one else has a right to contest it and the fact that we moved off would persuade others that your claim to the land is good. Now what I want to say to you is that for three hundred dollars, in money right here today, I'll get off the claim and leave it to you, your executors issue and assign and everybody else aforesaid now and forever and to come and to be and to be just five minutes to decide. If you don't tell by that time, I'll sit down here and stay till doomsday and beat you out of more than three hundred dollars paying lawyers in court."

"I'll take it under consideration," said the Captain. "Well you don't consider over five minutes."

"Make it two hundred dollars, Mrs. Sweeney."

"I'll do nothing of the kind."

"Then it is no bargain," he said. "I've only got two hundred dollars here."

"Well I won't do it for two hundred dollars. That's settled."

The old man was silent.

"Give me two hundred dollars," proposed Mrs. Sweeney and that old knock-kneed team and the wagon."

"No," he answered.

"Well, I declare," said Mrs. Sweeney, "who ever heard of a Captain of the sea having a team and a wagon any way. You make me weary."

"I can not do it," he answered.

"You're an old coward," she said fiercely. "Haven't you been telling this boy here for months about how brave you was?"

The old man with a pained expression raised his hand.

"—and then with the first little storm you are as scared as a baby and—"

"Mrs. Sweeney," he pleaded long and timidly at the boy. "You can have the team."

So the bargain was closed. Mrs. Sweeney's effects were not many. She placed two hundred silver dollars in a sash and took out Mista Dawn's silver and dumped it in the wagon, with the other household effects.

Meanwhile, Captain Snuggles and the boy were rapidly repairing the Clara Bell. The flag-pole was again hoisted with its cross-pole.

All was ready and Mista Dawn and Mrs. Sweeney prepared to climb in for the night journey which Mrs. Sweeney explained as follows:

"It wouldn't do to travel in the day-time. The deputies might meet us and take us either me for whisky peddling or you for anything under the heavens they might care to imagine. They're too lazy to travel at night. We'll head a little northwest and strike the railroad somewhere in the state, all the team and then get out of this vicinity."

One night's travel will bring us to the railroad if I can pound the bottom of these old living skeletons."

The boy came running over to the women and shook Mrs. Sweeney by the hand. Mista Dawn stopped and looked at him with arms about her neck and kissed her on the lips.

Then he went back to his work and Mista Dawn and Mrs. Sweeney began their long night journey.

The sun was going down behind a purple window barred with golden clouds, the iridescent colors in the sky flushing into the twilight and the west of night deepened in the east. Still the boy was aloft, gazing into the light of the retreating day, longing for the sea with its feathered white caps.

Boy of the farm, you shall never see it. For you were born inland, and inland you shall die, beleaguered by a continent of land. And the surging waves shall break upon the shore forever, boom against cliff and rock-bound coast, and hiss upon the sandy beach and cluck and clatter at the streaming quay far and near, but your eyes shall be blinded still by the waste of earth which makes you prisoner. And the ships shall hit and shatter against the shore, and the face of the peaceful harbors, and juncos and carren in the furrowed cheek of the angry deep, while you follow the monstrous track of your plow across the field and back again, ready for no foreign shore but the country road, knowing no adventure but the flight of a timid rabbit from your horses' hoofs.

Boy of the farm, dream on. For your dreams are but a realization is another word for disappointment. There are storms at sea and men shattered and torn and swept overboard. There are battles at sea and men riddled and the wreckage of the ship and the plunge of the whistling shot. The sea has no peasants and no homes. So dream on, boy of the farm and fight your mimic battles in your mind, with men and with storm, and never suffer hunger, discipline or harm.

For the sea will roar on without you, bearing the graceful ships from land to land, from people to people, from clime to clime, while in your little span, you must rest content with the changes the seasons bring you and have excitement from a weekly visit to a railroad town, where the monster engines rush by and out and on to the sea.

Boy of the farm, dream on, safely, unmarked within a continent of land. How many leagues, how many leagues, between your wind-rattled shack and the ocean's wave-worn strand.

The only true air-ship story is from Corfey county where the men in the airship are reported to have dropped a larriat and yanked up a yearling calf. The officers are in pursuit.

## Paying the Freedmen.

Guthrie, O. T., April 28.—The most interesting town in the territory for the wonders of the year is Hayden, where the government has been paying off the Cherokee freedmen. A few weeks ago it was only a postoffice, with one store and a blacksmith shop. In a few days it became a busy town of 4,000 people, mainly colored. The one intent of the population was to receive checks from the government of which they are the beneficiaries.

When the Cherokee nation liberated its slaves during the civil war a treaty was arranged between them and the government that the freedmen should be received into that nation as citizens and hold land in common with the Cherokees. When the Cherokee strip was sold the Indians forgot the provisions of the treaty and wanted all the money, but the court of claims gave \$250,000 to the freedmen and it is the distribution of this large sum that has brought the people together.

Hayden is twelve miles from the railroad and the gathering was all housed in tents, for there was no time to make permanent dwellings if there had been an intention. The Indians and freedmen were accompanied by a large number of fakirs, who had the most enticing devices for the winning of the money to be paid out. They put up a "Midway Palace," where all sorts of games were in progress. Then, to smelt the crowd there were hundreds of business men who have been selling goods to the freedmen for months on credit, trusting in the coming of this auspicious time for their pay. The total number of freedmen on the rolls was over 4,500 and each share was worth \$18.75. The payment was made by family, and on account of the tangled relationship of a race that was so lately slaves, the making of the rolls proved to be a tremendous task. The identification of the members of the families was no less onerous, for they all look alike to the stranger. The public school is one of the unknown factors of Indian life in this section, and there are few who can read and write.

There were many new white hairs in the heads of the agents of the department of the interior before they had been at work for two days. For instance, an old, white-haired agent had been a slave and took her place before the paymaster and present ed papers for the payment of her own share and that of five grandchildren whose father and mother were dead. Then came the difficulty of identifying her. The slaves took the names of their owners, and there are frequently hundreds of the same name. This was the conversation that ensued:

"What is your name, auntie?" asked the clerk in his most polite manner.

"Elizabeth Raymond," was the reply.

"Don't you mean Elizabeth Raymond?" for after some search the clerk had found such a name on the rolls.

The old lady was confused.

"Sure enough," how old are you?"

"Specs I've 'bout 30 years old."

"Well, you are put down here as 75, and that will do. Who are all these children?"

"They're the children of my gal Beekie, who died."

"No; they are Beekie's—she died and—"

"That will do; they are your grandchildren. Give me their names."

"Well, there's Nat and Sprinkle and Bill and Bert and Sam and that's all."

"The first of each got a check for \$18.75. This is an easy case, but when there comes up a man who has been married three times and who has children by each wife, and there are prospects filed by other relations, things begin to get warm."

The camp has been the most orderly in the history of the Indian Territory payments. In former cases there has been all ways a larger attendance of the tough element, which has made the night hideous. Here the night became wild about the midnight hour and then the "coons" who want to cut a dash are in their element. Then it is that the Alkali Ike is ready to go out and shoot a few birds in the air, and a warning, "Gis with red ribbons in their hair, here and they do" the town of tents in the most approved fashion, while the old folks are having a shouting prayer meeting, after the manner of the colored folks of the south.

## Along the Kansas Nile.

Wow! For the sake of his family, Mrs. Lease refuses to expose the H. B. Kelly. Walter Olmstead, a Douglas boy, has gained fame by the invention of a saddle cinch.

Bob Maxey of Arkansas City delivers lumber on a bicycle. One day this week he carried 160 feet at one time.

There has been some fearful lying against Lorenzo D. Lovell, and the people do not know the truth. The majority of the people do not.

Thieves went through the house of Mr. Roeb of Arkansas City the other evening and made away with a collection of old coins.

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In the spring Mrs. Lease returns to Kansas. So does Ingalls. So do all peripatetic Kansans in fact. Kansas in the spring is the most invigorating climate on earth.

Bruce Lusk has been made master mechanic of the Gulf and Fort Worth railroad. He left a railroad job to be warden and he is lucky in finding one to drop back into.

One Kansas legislator has gone to jail as a result of the investigation—because he refused to testify, not because some one proved him a thief. Those kind do not go to jail.

Several fellows in the Greek army were getting ready to spring that they were "formerly of Kansas" when the Greeks were killed to a frazzle and they are now keeping it quiet.

The Washington Post editorially says that everybody has quit making fun of Jerry Simpson. The New York Sun grants him the leadership of the opposition to the Republicans in the house.

Some of the callbooms in small Kansas towns are worse than any European dupe ever built. They are stuffy, dark and filthy. It is a terrible thing to get drunk, "dog drunk," in some Kansas towns.

Stanley Prindle of Holistown has just had his beard shaved off. It had grown long and was a disgrace to his face. He received a letter from his wife, which he had examined up resolution to do it.

The Atchison Champion has a "warm number" for a reporter. He speaks of the resident of the town as "a disipated old man who keeps one of the most damnable and most revolting resorts in the country."

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Frank Barrett tells the following: A correspondent at McCune, Kan., signing himself as "M. H. H." lately wrote to the New York Voice requesting the name of the member of the Legislature who through the pleadings of his wife, changed his vote, thereby giving Kansas prohibition. The Voice replied, through its columns, as follows: "The question of submitting to the

## Outlines of Oklahoma.

The actual loss of the Chandler cyclone was \$100,000.

The Strutsman trial at Oklahoma City is now the sensation of the day.

Bailey Isbell's family has arrived in Oklahoma City, and visited him in the jail there the other day.

Barnes has done only one foolish thing. He ought not to have vent vidi vided when he went to Washington.

The relief committee at Chandler has expended \$1,200 of the amount contributed, which runs about \$2,000.

All school children will be interested in knowing that Oklahoma is to have a Barnes who will make history himself.

It is probable that the Santa Fe will attempt to make a big city of Purcell. The Santa Fe is now projecting a big depot there.

Major George Herriot was back in Guthrie the other day walking around the streets and singing. He now lives in St. Louis.

Jimmy Tague of Guthrie is a snare-drummer and can give a perfect imitation of a barrel of bullets falling on a tin roof.

The Oklahoma City Oklahoman (Democratic) does not like Lowe's action, letting the printing go to the Guthrie Leader, a bit.

The Chandler News, the bitterest enemy Barnes has in the Territory, has extended its hand to him, but to date Barnes has not taken it.

The Greys, Anderson and brother, were taken to Kingfisher from Enid and gave bond there and consequently did not go to Guthrie to jail.

The Oklahoma City Times-Journal is undiscouraged. It says the Sapulpa road will be built in 1897 and says it gets the information from headquarters.

The council at Oklahoma City is Republican while the mayor is Democratic. After some monkeying the council has confirmed the mayor's appointments.

An Oklahoma implement dealer practically tells prospective patrons that unless they intend to provide shelter for their machines it will not pay them to buy.

On the court house square at Chandler there is now in course of construction an official cyane which will be maintained at public expense. Cyclones never strike twice in the same place.

Over two-thirds of the total number of voters in Kay county protested against the erection of a new court house but the county commissioners went right ahead and called for bids.

Kelly has left for Greer county overland and McKnight the other land office official is enroute on a railroad car. They will both arrive about the same time. They will open up for business June 1.

In the Stuteman case it is testified that in his run all the cartridges but one were "cankered" that it, corroded; while one was fresh. Another witness testified about measuring the hoof of Stuteman's horse and the tell-tale tracks of the man who committed the murder; another little girl saw Stuteman immediately after the murder and he looked wild and queer; another witness said that Stuteman accused a man named money-penny and wanted to be lynch him. All this goes to show that efforts to find the murderer in the west are more than mere searching for the methods used by the officers and Pinkertons in the east.

Oklahoma City Times-Journal: The compress is now a certainty, the subscription to the stock being so far advanced as to make this declaration. It will do this city incalculable good. The advertising it will give this place as a cotton market will bring here a large amount of cotton that would otherwise be taken to surrounding towns. The compress, too, will enable local buyers to pay from fifty to seventy-five cents a bale over surrounding towns, and this, also, will draw cotton this way. The building of the compress will assuredly be the means of adding 10,000 bales to the cotton sales of this city. The compress will require a good force of workmen to operate it, and additional buyers and dealers will be attracted here, adding a goodly number to our employed population. Fostering the compress will be an oil mill which will manufacture the cotton seed and thus give a better market also for that part of the crop. While everybody has been interested the success of the enterprise has been due to the City club, and to that organization congratulations should be extended.

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## Tomorrow will be the Great Bargain Day of the season—Remnants, Remnants, Remnants—Be on Time.

**McMann & Co.**

## Look in the Windows

The great sale of Men's Night Robes, good material, good size, good make, at 48 cents each, takes place today.

## TOMORROW

The sale of fine dress Sailors at \$1.00 and Flow-ers at 19 cents a bunch. Look at them in the window. Their equal has never been offered at these prices.